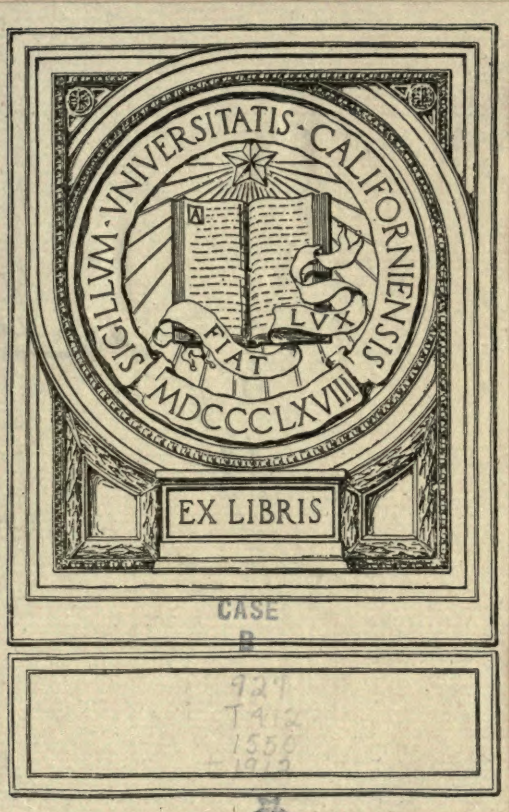


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The Great Seal of the United States

1797



# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

## Thersytes

*Date of Staging . . . . . c. 1538*

*Date of only known edition . . c. 1550*

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” ” ” . . . (2) 1912





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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## Thersytes

[c. 1550]

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS  
MCMXII







PR 2411

T37

1912

MAIN

## Thersytes

[c. 1550]

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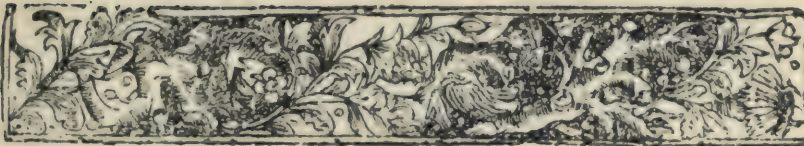


# A new Enterlude called Thersytes

**C**Thys Enterlude folowynge  
Dothe Declare howe that the  
greatest boesters are not  
the greatest  
doers.

**C**The names of the players

Thersites	A boister.
Mulciber	A smyth.
Mater	A mother.
Miles	A knyght.
Telemachus	A childe.





Thersites commeth in fyrste hauinge a clubbe  
vpon his necke

**H** Alue in a ruffler forth of the greke lande  
Called Thersites, if ye wyll me knowe  
abacke, geue me rōume, in my way do ye not stand  
For if ye do, I wyll soone laye you lowe  
In Homers of my actes ye haue red I tro  
Neyther Agamēnon nor Ulysses, I spared to chere  
They coulde not brynge me to be at theyr becke  
Of late from the sege of Troie I retourned  
Where all my harnes excepte this clubbe I lost  
In an olde house there it was quyte burned  
Whyle I was preparinge bytayles for the hoste  
I must nedes get me newe, what so euer it cost  
I wyll go seke aduentures, for I can not be ydle  
I wyll hamper some of the knaues in a bydle  
It greueth me to heare howe the knaues do bragge  
But by supreme Jupiter: when I am harnessed well  
I shall make the dasters to renne in to a bagge  
To hyde them fro me, as from the deuyll of hell  
I doubt not but hereafter, of me ye shall heare tell  
Howe I haue made the knaues for to play cobweb quaille  
But nowe to the shop of Vulciber, to go I wyll not faile  
Vulciber must haue a shop made in the place and  
Thersites cometh befoze it sayinge a loude  
Vulciber, whom the Poetes doth call the god of fyre  
Smith vnto Jupiter kinge ouer all  
Come forth, of thy office I the desyre  
and graunte me my petition, I aske a thinge but small  
I wyl none of thy lightning that thou art wont to make  
for the goddes supernall for ye when they do make  
With whiche they thruste the grauntes downe to hell

That











That were at a conuention heauen to bye and sell  
But I woulde haue some helpe of Lemnos and Ilium  
That of theyr stele, by thy crafte, condatur mihi galea,  
Muciber.

What fellowe Theristes, do ye speake latyn nomer  
Nay, then farewell, I make god a bowe  
I do not you vnderstande, no latyn is in my palet  
And then he must do as he wolde go awaye.

Theristes.

I lay abyde good Muciber, I praye make me a sallet  
Muciber.

Why Theristes hast thou anye wyfte in thy head?  
Woldest thou haue a sallet nowe, all the herbes are dead  
Besyde that it is not mete for a smyth  
To gether herbes, and sallettes to medle with  
Go get the to my louer venus  
She hath sallettes ynough for all vs  
I eate none suche sallettes for now I waxe olde  
and for my stomacke they are verie coulde

Theristes.

Nowe I praye to Iupiter that thou dye a cuckolde  
I meane a sallet with whiche men do fyght

Muciber.

It is a small tastinge of a mannes mighte  
That he shoulde for any matter  
Fyght with a fewe herbes in a platter  
No greate laude shoulde folowe that victoie

Theristes.

Goddes passion Muciber where is thy wit & memoie  
I wolde haue a sallet made of stele

Muciber.

Whye saye in youre stomacke longe you shall it fele

A. ii.

For



**F**or stele is harde for to digest

*Thersites.*

**M**ans bones and sydes hee is woysse then a beest

**I** wolde haue a sallet to were on my hed

**W**hiche vnder my chyn is a thonge red.

**B**uckeled shall be

**D**oest thou yet perceyue me

*Mulciber.*

**Y**our mynde now I se

**W**hy thou peupst the ladde

**A**rte thou almost madde

**O**r well in thy wytte

**G**ette the a wallette

**W**olde thou haue a sallette

**W**hat woldest thou do with it

*Thersites.*

**I** pray the good *Mulciber* make no mo bones

**B**ut let me haue a sallet made at ones,

*Mulciber.*

**I** must do somewhat for this knaue

**W**hat maner of sallet sye woulde ye haue.

*Thersites.*

**I** wold haue such a one that nother might nor mayne

**W**oulde perse it thorowe, or parte it in twayne

**W**hiche nother gonstone, nor sharpe speare

**S**houlde be able other to hurte or teare

**I** woulde haue it also for to saue my heade

**I**f *Jupiter* him selfe woulde haue me dead

**A**nd if he in a fume, woulde cast at me his fire

**T**his sallet I woulde haue to kepe me from his yre.

*Mulciber.*

**I** perceau your mynde,









ye shall fynde me kynde

I wyll for you prepare

And then he goeth in to his Shop, and maketh a  
sallet for hym at the laste he sayth.

Here Ther sites do this sallet weare

And on thy head it beare

And none shall worke the care

Then Mulciber goeth into his Shop, vntyll he  
is called agayne.

Ther sites.

Now woulde I not feare wth anye bull to fyghte  
Or wth a raumpinge lyon nother by dape nor nyghte  
What greate strength is in my body so lusty  
Whiche for lacke of exercise, is now almost rustye  
Hercules in comparison to me was but a boye  
When the bandogge Cerberus from hell he bare awoye  
When he kylled the lyons, hydra, and the bere so wyld  
Compare him to me and he was but a chylde  
Why Sampson I saye, hast thou no moze wytte  
wouldest thou be as strong as I, come suck thy mothers tytte  
Wene you that Dauid that lyttle elyphse boye  
Should wth his slinge haue take my life awaye  
May pwyss Golyath, for all his fyue stones  
I woulde haue quashed his little boyshes bones  
Howe it woulde do my harte muche good  
To se some of the giauntes befoze Noes floud  
I woulde make the knaues to crie creke  
Or elles wth my clubbe their braynes I wyll bzeake  
But Mulciber, yet I haue not wth the do  
My heade is armed, my necke I woulde haue to  
And also my shoulders wth some good habergyn  
That the deuyll if he wote at me coude not enter in

A. iii.

For



For I am determined greate battayle to make  
Excepte my furnishes, by some meanes may asslake.

*Dulciber.*

**C** Bokell on this habergyn as fast as thou canne  
And feare for the metinge of nother beast nor manne  
yf it were possible for one too shote an oke  
This habergyn wyll defende thee frome the stroke  
Let them throwe mylstones at the as thicke as haile  
yet the to kyll they shall their purpose faile  
yf Maluerne hylles shoulde on thy shoulders light  
They shall not hurte the, nor suppress thy mighte  
If Benis of Hampton, Colburne and Guy  
Will the assaye, let not by them a fyre  
To be bryefe, this habergyn shall the saue  
Bothe by lande and water, now we playe the lustye knaue  
Then he goeth in to his shoppe againe

*Therestes.*

**W**hen I consider my shoulders that so brode be  
When the other partes of my bodye I do beholde  
I verely thynke that none in chrystente  
With me to medele dare be so bolde  
Now haue at the Lyons on cottolde  
I wyll neyther spare for heate nor for colde  
Where art thou king Arthur, & the knightes of the rounde  
Come, bynge forth your horsys out of the stable (table  
No with me to mete they be not able  
By the masse they had rather were a bable  
Where arte thou Galwyn the curtesse and Cay the crabed  
Here be a couple of knightes cowardishe and scabbed  
Appere in thy likenesse sy Libeus discontus  
If thou wilt haue my clubbe lyghte on thy hedibus  
Lo ye maye see he beareth not the face

With







With me to frye a blowe in thys place  
 Howe syzray , appzochē syz Lancelot de lake  
 What renne ye awayne and for feare quake  
 Nowe he that did the a knight make  
 Thought neuer that thou any battaile shouldest take  
 If y wilt not come thy self, some other of thy felowes send  
 To battaile I prouoke them, them selfe let them defende  
 lo, for all the good that euer they se  
 They wyll not ones set haude to fight with me  
 O good lord e howe brode is my brest  
 And stronge with all for hole is my chest  
 He that should medle with me shall haue shetwode rest  
 Beholde you my handes , my legges and my feete  
 Euery parte is stronge pproportionable and mete  
 Thinke you that I am not feared in felde and strete  
 Yes yes god wote, they geue me the wall  
 Or elles with my clubbe, I make them to fall  
 Backe knaues I saye to them, then for feare they quake  
 And take me then to the tauerne and good chere me make  
 The pfectoure and his men I made to renne their waies  
 And some wente to hide them in broken heys  
 I tell you at a woozde  
 I set not a tozde  
 By none of them al  
 Early and late I wyll walke  
 And London stretes stalke  
 Spyte of them greate and small  
 For I thinke verely  
 That none in heauen so hye  
 Nor yet in hell so lowe  
 Whyle I haue this clubbe in my hande  
 Can be able me to withstande



Or me to ouerthrowe  
 But Bulciber, yet I must the desyre  
 To make me briggen yrons for myne armes  
 And then I will loue the as mine owne syre  
 For withoute them, I can not be safe frome all harmes  
 Those once had, I will not sette a strawe  
 by all the worlde, for then I wyll by awe  
 Haue all my mynde, or elles by the holye roode  
 I wyll make them thinke, the deuyl carryeth them to the  
 yf no man wyll with me battayle take (wood  
 I byage to hell quickly I wyll make  
 And there I wyll bete the deuyl and his dame  
 And byinge the soules awaye, I fullye entende the same  
 After that in hell I haue ruffled so  
 Streighte to olde purgatozye wyll I go  
 I wyll cleane that so purge rounde aboute  
 That we shall nede no pardons to helpe them oute  
 yf I haue not fyghte ynoughe this wayes  
 I wyll clymbe to heauen and set awaye Peters keyes  
 I wyll kepe them my selfe, and let in a great route  
 What shoulde suche a fysher kepe good felowes out  
 Bulciber.

I haue here Therstes briggen yrons bright  
 and feare thou no man manly to fyghte  
 Thoughe he be stronger then Hercules or Sampson  
 Be thou prest and bolde to set him vpon  
 Nother Amazon nor perres with their hole table  
 the to assayle shall fynde it profytable  
 I warrante the they wyll fle fro thy face  
 as doth an hare from the dogges in a chase  
 Would not thy blacke and rustye grym berde  
 Nowe thou art so armed, make anye man aserde

Sure







Surely if Jupiter dyd see the in this gers  
He woulde renne awaye and hyde hym for feare  
He wold thinke that Typhoens the gyaunt were aliue  
And his brother Enceladus, agayn with him to strue  
If that Mars of battell the god stoute and bold  
In this aray shoulde chaunce the to beholde  
He would yelde by his swoorde vnto the  
And god of battayle (he would say) thou shouldest be  
Now fare thou wel go the world through  
And seke aduenturus thou arte man good ynough.

The rhytes.

¶ Mulciber, whyle the starrs shal shyne in the sky  
And Phaetons horses with the sonnes charret shal fly  
Whyle the moonyng shal go before none  
And cause the darkennesse to vanyshe away soone  
Whyle that the cat shal loue well mylke  
And whyle that women shal loue to go in sylke  
Whyle beggers haue lyce  
And cockneys are nyce  
Whyle pardoners can lye  
Marchauntes can by  
And chyldren crye  
Whyle all these laste and moze  
Whiche I kepe in stoze  
I do me faythfully bynde  
Thy kyndnes to beare in mynde  
but yet Mulciber one thinge I aske moze  
Haste thou euer a swoorde now in stoze,  
I would haue suche a one that would cut stones  
And pare a great oke down at once  
That were a swoorde lo, euen for the nones.

Mulciber.

B.i.

Crulpe



**C**ruely I haue such a one in my shoppe  
that wil pare yron as it were a rope  
haue, here it is, gyde it to thy syde  
Now fare thou well, Jupiter be thy gyde  
Therlites.

**C**ramercye Pulciber wyth my hole harte  
Geue me thy hande and let vs departe  
Pulciber goeth in to hys shoppe againe,  
and Therlites saith forth

Nowe I go hence, and put my selfe in pzease  
I wyll seeke aduentures, yea and that I wyll not cease  
If there be any present here thys nyght  
that wyll take vpon them with me to fighte  
Let them come quickly, and the battayle shall be pyghte  
Where is Cacus that knaue, not worthe a grote  
that was wont to blowe cloudes oute of his throte  
Which stale Hercules kine and hyd them in his caue  
Come hether Cacus, thou lubber and false knaue  
I wyll teach all wretches by the to beware  
If thou come hether I trappe the in a snare  
thou shalt haue knocked bzeade and yll fare  
how say you good godfather that loke so stale  
ye seeme a man to be borne in the bale  
Dare ye aduenture wyth me a stripe or two  
Go coward go hide the as thou wast wonte to do  
What a sozte of dasterdes haue we here  
None of you to battaile with me dare appeare  
What saie you hart of gold, of countenaunce so demure  
Will you fighte with me, no, I am righte sure  
Pre blusse not woman, I wyll do you no harme  
Excepte I had you soner to kepe my backe warme  
Alas lyttle pungs why are ye so soze afraid







**I** praye you tello how longe it is: sence ye were a mayd  
Tell me in myne eare, syys, she hathe me tolde  
That gone was her mydenhead, at thurstene yere olde  
By ladye she was lothe to kepe it to longe  
And I were a mayde agayne, nowe maye be here longe  
Do after my counsell of maydens the hoolle beupe  
Quickly red your maydshed, for they are vegaunce heup  
Well, let all go, whye: wyll none come in  
With me to fyghte that I maye pare his skyn  
The mater commeth in.

**Water**

**W**hat saye you my sonne wyl ye fyght: god it defende  
For what cause to warre do you nowe pretende  
Wyll ye committe to battayles daungerous  
your lyfe that is to me so precious.

**Thersites.**

**I** wyll go, I wyll go. stoppe not my waye  
Holde me not good mother I hartely you pray  
If there be any lyons, or other wylde beest  
That wyll not suffer the husband man in rest  
I wyll go seeche them, and byd them to a feast  
They shall abyte bytterlye the conmyng of suche a gest  
I wyll searche for them bothe in bushe and shrubbe  
And laye on a lode with this lustye clubbe

**Water.**

**O** my swete sonne, I am thy mother  
Wylt thou kyll me and thou hast none other

**Thersites.**

**N**o mother no, I am not of suche iniquitye  
That I wyll defyle my handes vpon the.  
But be contente mother, for I wyll not rest  
Tyll I haue foughte with some wan or wylde beaust

**B.ii.**

**Crueleye**



Truely my sonne yf that ye take thys way  
Thys shall be the conclusion, marke what I shall say  
Other I wyll drowne my selfe for sorowe  
And fede fyshes with my body before to morowe  
Or wyth a sharpe swerde, surely I wyll me kyll  
Nowe thou mayst saue me, if it be thy wyll  
I wyll also cut my pappes awaye  
That gaue the sucke so manye a daye  
And so in all the worlde it shall be knowen  
That by my owne sonne I was ouerthrowen  
Therefore if my lyfe be to the pleasaunte  
That whiche I desyre good sonne do me graunte  
Ther sites

Mother thou spendest thy winde but in wast  
The goddes of battayle hyr fury on me hath cast  
I am full ye fyled battayle for to taste  
O how many to deth I shall dye in haste  
I wyll ruffle this clubbe aboute my hedde  
Or els I pray god I neuer dye in my bedde  
There shall neuer a stroke be stroken with my hande  
But they shall thynke y Jupiter doth thonder in e land  
Water.

My owne swete sonne I knelynge on my knee  
And bothe my handes holdinge vp to the  
Desyre the to ceasse and no battayle make  
Call to the pacience and Better wayes take  
Ther sites.

O Tulke mother, I am deafe I wyll the not heare  
No no, yf Jupiter here him selfe nowe were  
And all the goddes, and Iuno his wife  
And louinge Minerva that abhorreth all stryfe  
yf all these I saye, would desyre me to be content

They







They dyd theyr wynde but in vaine spent  
 I wyll haue battayle in wayles oz in kente  
 and some of the kuaues I wyll all to rent  
 where is the valiaunt knighte syr Ilenbale?  
 Appere syr I praye you, dare ye not shewe your face  
 where is Robin John and little hode  
 appzoche hyther quickly if ye thinke it good  
 I wyll teache suche outlawes wyth Chynges curses  
 how they take hereafter awaye abbottes purses  
 whye wyll no aduenture appeare in thys place  
 where is Hercules with his greate male  
 where is Busyrig, that fed hys hoxles  
 Full lyke a tyraunte, with dead mens corles  
 Come any of you bothe  
 And I make an othe  
 That yet I eate anye breade  
 I wyll dzyue a wayne  
 ye for neede twayne  
 Betwene your bodye and your heade  
 Thus passeth my braynes  
 wyll none take the paynes  
 To trye wyth me a blowe.  
 O what a fellowe am I  
 whome euerye man dothe flye  
 That dothe me but once knowe  
 Hater.

Sonne all do you feare  
 That be presente here  
 They wyll not wyth you fyghte  
 you, as you be worthe  
 Haue nowe the victoꝝe  
 wythoute tastynge of youre myghte  
 Here is none I trowe



that profereth you a blowe  
Man woman nor chyld  
Do not set your mynde  
To fyghte with the wynde  
be not so madde nor wyld

Ther sites.

I I saye aryse who so euer wyll fyghte  
I am to battayle here readye dyghte  
Come hyther other swayne oz knyghte  
Let me see who dare presente him to my fyghte  
Here with my clubbe readye I stande  
yf anye wyll come to take them in hand

Water.

There is no hope left in my brest  
To byng my sonne vnto better rest  
He wyll do nothinge at my request  
He regardeth me no more the a best  
I see no remedye, but styll I wyll praye  
To god, my sonne to gyde in his waye  
That he maye haue a prosperous tournynge  
And to bee saue at his returnynge  
Sonne, god aboue graunte thys my oration  
That when in bataille thou shalt haue concertacion  
with your ennemies, other fare oz nere  
No wounde in them nor in you may appere  
So that ye nother kyll nor be kyled

Ther sites

Whether thy petition I praye god be fulfilled  
For then no knaues bloude shall be spilled  
Felowes kepe my counsell, by the masse I doo but crake  
I wyll be gentyll enoughe and no busenesse make  
But yet I wyll make her beleue that I am a man  
thyneke







thincke you that I wyll fight: no no but wyth the can  
Excepte I finde my enemye on thys wyse  
that he be a slepe oz els can not aryse  
yf his armes and his fete be not fast bounde  
I wyll not profer a stripe for a thousande pound  
fare well mother and tarrye here no longer  
for after proues of chivalry I do both thyrste & hunger  
I wyll beare the kuaues as flatte as a conger

Then the mother goeth in the place which is pre-  
pareth for her.

What how long shal I tary: be your hartes in your hose  
will there none of you in battayl me appose  
Come proue me whye stande you so in doubt  
haue you any wyld bloude, that ye would haue let oute  
A lakke that a mans strengthe can not be knwen  
Because that he lacketh ennemies to be ouerthowen

Here a snaille muste appere vnto him, and hee muste  
loke fearefully vpon the snaille saienge

But what a monster do I see nowe  
Comminge hetherwarde with an armed byowe  
what is it: ah it is a sowe

No by gods body it is but a gressele  
And on the backe it hath neuer a bylle  
It is not a cow, ah there I sayle  
for then it should haue a long tayle.

What the deuyl I was blynde, it is but a snayle  
I was neuer so afrayde in east nor in south  
My harte at the fyrste syght was at my mouth  
Mary fy, fy, fy, fy, I do sweate for feare  
I thoughte I had craked but to tymeely here  
Hens thou beest and plucke in thy hornes  
O I sweare by him that crowned was with thornes

B. lill,

I

I will make the drinke worse than good ale in y coznes  
Haste thou nothyng elles to doo  
But come wyth hoznes and face me so  
Howe, how my seruautes, get you helde and spere  
And let vs worpe and kyll thys monster here  
here Miles cometh in.

Miles.

It is not thys a worthye knyghte  
that wyth a snayle dareth not fight  
Excepte he haue hys seruautes ayde  
Is this the chaumppon that maketh al me afraid  
I am a poze souldiour come of late fro Calice  
I trust or I go to debate some of hys malycs  
I wyll tarrye my tyme tell I do see  
Betwixt hym and the snayle what the ende wyll be

Thersites.

Whye ye hozelson knauys, regard ye not my callinge  
whye do ye not come and wyth you weapongs bynge  
why shall this monster so escape kyllinge  
No that he shall not and god be wyllinge

Miles.

I promyse you, thys is as worthye a knyghte  
as euer shall bryde oute of a bortell byte  
I thinke he be Dares of whom Virgyll doth wryte  
That woulde not let entellus alone  
But euer prouoked and euer called on  
But yet at the last he tooke a fall  
And so within a whyle, I trowe I make the wall

Thersites.

By Gods passion knaues, if I come I wyll you fetter  
Regarde ye my callinge and crynge no better  
why hozelons I saye. wyll ye not come

By







By the masse the knaues be all from home  
They had better haue sette me an errande at Rome

*Aples.*

By my trothe, I thynke that very skante  
This lubber dare aduenture to fighte with an ant

*Thersites.*

Well scinge my seruantes come to me will not  
I must take hede that this monster me spyll not  
I wyll ioparde with it a ioynte  
And other with my clubbe or my sweardes poynthe  
I wyll reche it suche woundes  
As I woulde not haue for .xl. M. poundes  
Plucke in thy hornes thou vnhappy beast  
What facest thou me? wylte not thou be in reste  
Why? wylte not thou thy hornes in holde  
Thinkest thou that I am a cocklode  
Goddess armes the monster cometh towarde me Iyll  
Excepte I fyght manfully, it wyll me surely kyll

Then he must fyghte against the snayle with his club

*Aples.*

O Jupiter Lorde doest thou not see and heare  
How he feareth the snayle as it were a bere

*Thersites.*

Well with my clubbe I haue had good lucke  
Nowe with my swoorde haue at the a plucke

And he must cast his club awaye.

I wyll make the or I go, for to ducke  
And thou were as tale a man as frler tucke  
I laye yet agayne thy hornes in drawe  
Or elles I wyll make the to haue woundes rawe  
Arte not thou a ferde  
To haue thy bearde

*C.f.*

*pared*

Parred with my swearde

Here he must fighte then with his swoorde against  
the snayle, and the snayle draweth her hoznes in.

Ah well, nowe no moze

Thou mightest haue done so befoze

I layed at it so loze

That it thoughte it shoulde haue be loze

And it had not drawen in his hoznes agayne

Surelye I woulde the monster haue slaine

But now farewell, I wyll worke the no moze payne

Nowe my fume is paste

And dothe no longer laste

That I did to the monster cast

Now in other countreis both farre and neare

No dedes of chynualtye I wyll go inquire

*Miles.*

Thou nedest not seke any further for redy I am here

I wyll debate anone I trowe thy bragginge chere

*Thersites.*

Nowe where is any mo that wyll me assaile

I wyll turne him and tolle him bothe toppe and tayle

yf he be stronger then Sampson was

who with his bare handes kylde lyons apas

*Miles.*

What nedesth this booste, I am here at hande

That with the will fighte kepe the heade and stande

Surelye for al thy hye wordes I wyll not feare

To assaile the a towche tyll some bloude appeare

I wyll geue the somewhat for the gifte of a newe yere

And he begynth to fight with him, but Thersites  
must ren awaye, and hyde hym behynde hys mothers  
backe sayinge.

*Thersit.*







**Thersites.**

**O mother mother I praye the me hyde**  
**Thowoe some thinge ouer me and couer me every syde**  
**Water.**

**O my sonne what thyng eeldyth the**

**Thersites**

**Mother a thousande horsemen do persecute me**  
**Water.**

**Myrre sonne then it was time to flye**  
**I blame the not then, thoughe afraide thou be**  
**A deadly wounde thou mightest there sone catche**  
**One against so manye, is no indyfferente matche**

**Thersites.**

**No mother but if they had bene but ten to one**  
**I woulde not haue auoyded but set them vppon**  
**But seinge they be so many I ran awaye**  
**Hyde me mother hyde me, I hartely the pray**  
**For if they come hyther and here me fynde**  
**To their horses tayles they wyll me bynde**  
**And after that fashyon hall me and kyll me**  
**And thoughe I were neuer so bolde and stoute**  
**To fyghte againste so manye, I woulde stande in doubte**

**Wiles.**

**Thou that doest seke giauntes to conquere**  
**Come forth if thou dare, and in this place appere**  
**For for shame doest thou so sone take flighte**  
**Come forth and shewe somewhat of thy myghte**

**Thersites.**

**Hyde me mother, hydeme, and neuer worde saye**

**Wiles.**

**Thou olde trotte, seyst thou any man come thys waye**  
**well armed and weaponed and readye to fighte**

**C.ii.**

**De**



Water.

**N**o forsothe Halster, there came none in my sight

Piles.

**H**e dyd auoyde in tyme, for withoute doubt  
I woulde haue set on his backe some clotwtes  
If I may take him I wyll make all slowches  
To beware by him, that they come not in my clotwches  
Then he goeth oute, and the mother saich

Water.

**C**ome forth my sonne, youre enemy is gone  
Be not afrayed for hurte thou canst haue none  
Then he loketh aboute if he be gone or not, at the last  
he sayth.

Thersites.

**C**ryys thou didest wisely who so euer thou be  
To tarrye no longer to fight with me  
For with my clubbe I woulde haue broken thy skull  
If thou were as bigge as Hercules bull  
Why thou cowardely knaue, no stronger then a duche  
Darest thou trye maystres with me a plucke  
Whiche fere nother glauntes nor Jupiters fire bolte  
Nor Beelzebub the mayster deuyl as ragged as a colte  
I woulde thou wouldest come hyther ones againe  
I thincke thou haddest rather alyue to be slayne  
Come againe and I sweare by my mothers wombe  
I wyll pull the in peeces no moze then my thombe  
and thy brynes abrode, I wyll so scatter  
That all knaues shall feare, against me to clatter  
Then cometh in Telemachus brynginge a letter  
from his father Ulysses, and Thersites laieth.  
what? little Telemachus  
what makest thou here amonge vs?

Teles







Telemachus.

**T**Syr my father Ulysses doth hym commende  
To you most hartely, & here he hath you sende  
Of hys mynde a letter  
Whiche shewe you better  
Euery thyng shall  
Then I can make rehersall  
Here he must deliuer hym the letter

Thersites.

**A**lo frendes ye maye see  
What great men wyte to mee  
Here he must redde the letter.  
As entyrelly as harte can thynke  
Or scriuener can wyte wth yncke  
I sende you louynge greetynge  
Therlytes myne owne sweetpuge  
I am very soye  
When I cast in memozy  
The great unkyndnes  
And also the blyndnes  
That hath be in my brest  
Agaynst you euer prest  
I haue be prompt and dyligent  
Euer to make you wnt  
To appale your good name  
And To mynysh your fame  
In that I was to blame  
But well al this is gone  
And remedy there is none  
But onely repentance  
Of all my olde greuance  
Wth whiche I dyd you moleste

And

And gaue you soye roast  
 The cause was thereof truelye  
 Nothinge but verye enuye  
 wherofore nowe gentyll esquier  
 Forgeue me I you desyre  
 And helpe I you beseeche  
 Telemachus to a leche  
 That hym maye tofelye charme  
 From the woymes that do hym harne  
 In that ye maye do me pleasure  
 For he is my chyefe treasure  
 I haue hearde menne say  
 That come by the way  
 That better charmer is no other  
 then is youre owne deare mother  
 I praye you of her obtayne  
 To charme away his paine  
 Fare ye well, and come to my house  
 To dyncke wyne and eate a peece of sowse  
 And we wyll haue minstrelly  
 that shall pype hankyn boby  
 My wyfe penelope  
 Both grete you well by me  
     wytyng at my house on Candelmasse daye  
     Mydsummer moneth, the calenders of maye  
     By me Wilfred beyng verye gladde  
     That the victorie of late of the monster ye hadde  
 Whyls ye quod he: how saye you frendes all  
 Wilfred is glad for my fauoure to call  
 well, thoughe we ofte haue sweured  
 And he small loue deserued  
 Yet I am well contente

Seinge







Seinge he dothe repente  
To let olde matters go  
And to take him no moze so  
As I haue do hyther to  
For my mortall fo  
Come go with me Telemachus, I wyll the brynge  
Unto my mother to haue her chermyng  
I doubte not, but by that tyme that she hathe done  
Thou shalt be the better seuen yeares agone

Then Thersytes goeth to his mother sayinge  
Mother Chyiste thee saue and see  
Ulysses hathe sende his sonne to thee  
That thou shouldest hym charme  
From the woymes that hym harne

Water.

O Sonne ye be wise kepe ye warne  
Why shoulde I for Ulysses doo  
That neuer was kynde vs to  
He was readye in warre  
Euer the, sonne, to marre  
Then had bene all my ioye  
Exiled cleane awaye

Thersytes.

O Wel mother all that is past  
Wroth maye not alwaye laste  
And seinge we be mortall all  
Let not our wroth be immortall

Water

Charme that charme wyll, he shal not be charmed of me

Thersytes.

Charme oz by the masse with my club I wyl charme the  
Water.

C. liff.

why

**W**hy sonne arte thou so wicked to beate thy mother

*Thersites.*

**O**ye that I wyll, by goddes deare brother

**C**harme olde witche in the deuils name

**O** I wyll sende the to him, to be his dame

*Pater.*

**M**as what a sonne haue I

**T**hat thus dothe order me spitefullye

**C**ursed be the time that euer I hym fedde

**I**woulde in my bely he had be deade

*Thersites.*

**C**urlest thou olde hoier, blesse me againe

**O** I wyll blesse the, that shall be to thy payne

**T**hen he must take hye by the armes, and she crieth

*Pater.*

oute as foloweth.

**H**e will kyl me

**H**e wyll spyll me

**H**e wyll bryse me

**H**e wyll lose me

**H**e wyll prycke me

**H**e wyll stycke me

*Thersites.*

**T**he deuill stycke the olde wytherde witch

**F**or I wyll sticke nother the, nor none suche,

**B**ut come of geue me thy blessinge againe

**I** saye let me haue it, or elles certayne

**W**ith my clubbe I wyll laye the on the brayne

*Pater.*

**W**ell seinge thou thzeatenest to me affliction

**S**pote of my harte haue nowe my benediction

**N**owe christes swete blessinge and mine

**L**ighte aboue and beneath the bodye of thyne

**A**nd







And I beseeche with all my deuotion  
That thou mayste come to Amans promotion  
He that for geue Mary Batordalene hyr synne  
Make the hyghest of all thy kynne

Thersites.

In this woordes is double intellimente  
Wouldest thou haue me hanged mother heramente

Pater.

No sonne no, but too haue you hye  
In promotion, is my mynde berelpe

Thersites.

Well then mother let all this goo  
and charme this chylde that you is sende to  
and loke hereafter to curse ye be not gredye  
Curse me no moze, I am cursed ynoughe all readye

Pater.

Well sonne I wyll curse you no moze  
Excepte ye prouoke me to to soze  
But I meruaile whye ye do me moue  
To do for Whilles that dothe not by loue

Thersites.

Mother by hys sonne he hathe sende me a letter  
Promysynge heareafter to be to by better  
And you and I with my greate clubbe  
Must walke to him and eate a solybubbe  
and we shall make merve  
and synge ryse on the berve  
With Stinkyn sydnam somner  
that kylde a catte at comner  
There the tryflinge tabboer troboler of tunys  
Wyll pyke Peter pybaker a penyworth of prunes  
Pythell neuergood a nette and a nightcappe

D. l.

knitte



Fnytte wyll for kyt whose knee cawghte a knappe  
 David dowghtye dyghier of datys  
 Gryn with god frey goodale wyll gretely at the gates  
 Thon tumber of tcorbury turninge at a tryce  
 wyll wypp wylliam waterman if he be not wyse  
 Symon sadler of sudeley that serued the sobe  
 Dytte wyll hentye hartlesse he harde not yet how  
 Jynkyn Jaxon that iobbed solye Jone  
 Grynde wyll gromellede vntyll he grone  
 Howde peris pyethancke, that pyk id pernels purse  
 Cut wyll the cakes thoughe Cate do crye and curse  
 Ronghe Robyn rouer rufflinge in ryghte rate  
 balde Bernarde braynles wyll bete and Benet bate  
 folthe frederycke furburer of a farte  
 Dyrnge daniell deintye to deathe wyll with a darte  
 Hercolfe mouylers mozeninge for mad Harpe  
 Cyncke wyll the tables thoughe he there not tary  
 Andzewe all knaue alderman of Andwarpe  
 Hoppe wyll with holy hockes & harken humfrys harpe  
 It is to to mother the pastyme and good there  
 That we shall see and haue, when that we come there  
 Wherefore gentyll mother I the hartely praye  
 That thou wylte charme for woymes this pzetys boye  
 Pater.

Well sonne, seinge the case and mater standeth so  
 I am contente all thy request to do  
 Come hyther pzetys childe  
 I will the charme frome the woymes wylde  
 but firste do thou me thy name tell

Telemachus.

**I** am called Telemachus there as I dwell.

Pater,

Tele:







**T**elemachus lye downe bprighte on the grounde  
And styre not ones for a thousande pounce

Telemachus.

**I**am readye here pzeſte  
To doo all youre requeste

Then he must lay hym down wth his bely byward  
and wee muste bleſſe hym frome aboue too beneath  
ſayinge a ſoloweth.

Water.

**T**he cowherd of Comertowne wth his croked ſpade  
Cause frome the, the wormes ſoone to bade  
And ſolpe Jacke iumbler that tuggleth wth a hozne  
Graunte that thy wormes ſoone be all to corne  
Good graundſpye Abzabam godmother to Ene  
Graunte that this wormes no longer this chylde grene  
All the courte of conſcience in cockoldſ pres  
Cpckers and tabberers tpyplers tauerers  
Cpptyſples, fryfullers, turners and trumppers  
Cempters, traytours, trauaylers and thumpers  
Chyſtleſſe, theupſe, thycke and thereto thynne  
the maladye of this wormes cauſe for too blynne  
The vertue of the tayle of Iſaackes cow  
That befoze Adam in paradyſe dyd lowe  
Alſo the loyſte of Moſes rod  
In the mounte of caluarie that ſpake wth God  
Facte ad faciem, turninge tayle to tayle  
Cause all theſe wormes quichly to ſayle  
The bottome of the ſhypp of Noe  
And alſo the legge of y hoſe of Troe  
The peece of the tounge of Balaams aſſe  
the chatobone of the Oxe that at Chriſtes byrth was  
the eye tothe of the dogge that wente on pylgremage

D.ii.

with

with yonge Chobye, these woymes sone may swage  
 the butterflye of Bzomemycham & was bozne blinde  
 The blaste of the bottell that blowed Aelous wynde  
 The buttocke of the bytter boughte at Buckyngame  
 the bodye of the bere that wyth Beuis came  
 the backster of Balockburye with her bakinge pele  
 Chylde fro thy woymes I praye, maye sone the hele  
 The tapper of taupestocke and the tapsters portte  
 The tothe of the tymus, the tozde of the gote  
 In the towre of tenysballes tostyde by the sper  
 the table of Tantalus turned trym in myze  
 & tombe of Tom thzedbare & thzulle tyb thzough & smock  
 Make al thy woymes chylde, to come forth at thy docke  
 Sem Cam and Japhat and coll the myllars mare  
 the fyue stones of Dauid: that made goliath flare  
 the wing with whiche seit Mychaell dyd fly to his mouit  
 the counters wherwith cherubyn, did cheristones count  
 The hawke with whiche Alluerus kylde the wyld boze  
 Helpe that these woymes my chylde, hurt the no moze  
 the mawe of the mozekocke that made matw to mowe  
 when martynas at mozeton mozened for the snowe  
 the spere of spanyshe spybery spzente w spiteful spottes  
 the lyghtes of the lauerocke layde at London lottes  
 the wyndon of saint Samuell wyninge so as the sunne  
 Graunt childe of the woymes that sone thy paines be don  
 Mothet byrce of oxforde and greate Gpb of henrey  
 Also matwde of thutton and mable of chartesey  
 And all other wytches that walke in dymminges dale  
 Clyttering and clatteringe there poure pottes with ale  
 Inclpne poure eares, and heare this my petition  
 and graunte thi3 childe, of healtbe to haue fruiton  
 the blessinge that Jorden to his Godsonne gaue

Lighte







Lyght on my chylde and from the woymes hym saue  
Now stand vpp little Telemachus anone  
I warrante the by to morow, thy woymes wyll be gone  
Telemachus.

**I** thanke you mother in my most hartelye wyse  
wyll ye syz to my father commaunde me anye seruite  
Thersites.

**N**o pretye hope, but do thou bs two commende  
to thy father and mother, tell them that we entende  
Bothe my mother and I  
to see them Hoztelye

Telemachus  
**W**e shall be hartelye welcome to them I dare well say  
fare ye well, by youre leaue, now I wyll departe awaye  
Thersites.

**S**onne, geue me thy hande, fare well  
Pater.

**I** praye god kepe the from perrell  
Telemachus goeth oute, and the mother sayeth.  
Ywys it is a proper chylde  
and in behauioure nothinge wyld  
Ye maye see what is good education  
I woulde euery man after this fashon  
had their chylzen by broughte  
then manye of them woulde not haue bene so nonghte  
A chylde is better vnbozne then bntaughte  
Thersites.

**Y**e saye truthe mother, well let all this go  
and make you readye Milles to go to  
with me anone, be ye so contente  
Pater.

**I** am well pleased to youre wyll I assente

For all thoghte that I lone hym but berpe euyll  
It is good to set a candell before the deuyll  
Of moſte parte of greate men I ſweare by thyſ ſyer  
Lyghte is the thancke but heauye is the ire  
fare well ſonne, I wyll go me to prepare

Cherſites.

**C**Mother God be wyth you and keepe you frome care  
The mother goeth out, and Cherſites ſayeth forth ✓  
What ſomeuer I ſaye ſy2s. I thyncke yll might ſhe care  
I care not if the oide wytche were deade  
It were an almoys dede to knocke hyr in the heade  
And ſaye on the woymes that ſhe dyd dye  
For there be manye that my landes woulde bye  
By goddes bleſſed brother  
Yf I were not ſeke of the mother  
thys totheles trotte kepethe me harde  
And ſuffereth no money in my warde  
But by the bleſſed trinite  
Yf ſhe will no ſoner ded be  
I wyll with a coyſhon ſtoppe hyr breath  
tyll ſhe haue forgotte newe marketh heth  
Yll myghte I ſare  
Wt that I care  
Hy2 to ſpare  
Aboute the houſe ſhe hoppeth  
and hy2 noſe ofte droppeth  
When the woymes ſhe choppeth  
When that ſhe dothe brette  
I maye ſaye to you  
I am redy to ſpen  
the droppes to ſee do bone renne  
By all Chryſten menne

Frene







Frome hyr nose to hyr knen  
 For Goddes bodye, it maketh me to spitte  
 to remember howe that she doth sytte  
 By the fyre byallynge  
 Scratchynge and scallynge  
 and in euerye place  
 Leyege oysters apase  
 She dothe but lacke Welles  
 the deuyl haue they whytte, elles  
 At nyghte when to bedde she goys  
 and plucketh of her hose  
 She knappeth me in the nose  
 with rype, rappe  
 flyppe, flappe  
 that an yll happe  
 Come to that tappe  
 that benteth so  
 Where so euer she go  
 So muche she daylye dyncketh  
 That hyr breath at both endes syncketh  
 That a hozsecombe and an halter  
 Hyr soone byppe talter  
 tyll I saye Dauides psalter  
 That shall be at neuer mas  
 Whiche neuer shall be, noz neuer was  
 By this tenne bones  
 She serued me ones.  
 I touche for the nones  
 I was sicke and laye in my bedde  
 She broughte me a kerchye to wrape on my heade  
 And I praye God that I be deade  
 If that I lye any whytte



When she was aboute the kercheffe to knytte  
 Breake did one of the formes fete  
 that she dyd stande on  
 And downe fell she anone  
 And footth withall  
 As she dyd fall  
 She gydded oute a farte  
 That me made to starte  
 I thyncke hyz buttockes dyd smarte  
 Excepte it hadde be a mare in a carte  
 I haue not harde suche a blast  
 I cryed and byd hyz holde fast  
 with that she nothinge agast  
 said to me & no woman in this lande  
 Coude holde faste that whyche was not in hyz hande  
 Dawe syz, in that hole pitche and fyze brande  
 Of that bagge so fustye  
 So stale and so mustye  
 So cankered and so rustye  
 So stinkyng and so dustye  
 God sende hyz as muche ioye  
 as my nose hathe alwaye  
 Of hyz vnsauerye spice  
 Yf that I be not wyle  
 and stoppe my nose quickelye  
 When she letteth goo merelye  
 But let all this go, I had almoste forget  
 The knaue that here perewhyles dyd set  
 Before that Telemachus did come in  
 I wyll go seeche hym, I wyll not blynne  
 Untyll that I haue hym  
 Then so god saue hym







I wyll so beknaue hym  
 That I wyll make to raue hym  
 Wyth this swearde I wyll haue hym  
 And strypes when I haue gaue hym  
 Better I wyll depzaue him  
 That you shall knowe for a slaue him  
 Then Adles cometh in sayinge

*Miles.*

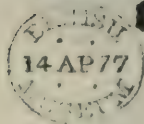
I wylte thou so in deeder  
 Hye the make good spede  
 I am at hande here prest  
 Put awaye tongue shakynge  
 and this solpsh crakynge  
 Let vs trye for the best  
 Cowardes make speake apase  
 Strypes proue the manne  
 Haue notwe at thy face  
 Keepe of if thou canne

And then he muste stryke at hym, and Therlytes  
 muste runne awaye and leaue his clubbe & swoorde  
 behynde.

Whye thou lubber runnest thou awaye  
 and leauest thy swearde and thy clubbe thee behynde  
 Nowe thys is a sure carde, notwe I maye well saye  
 That a cowarde crakinge here I dyd fynde  
 Maysters ye maye see by this playe in sighte  
 That great barking dogges, do not most byte  
 And oft it is sene that the best men in the hooft  
 Be not suche, that vse to bragge mozte  
 If ye wyll auoyde the daunger of confusson  
 Pynite my wordes in harte and marke this conclusson  
 Suche gyftes of god that ye excelle in mozte

Use them both sobernesse and youre selfe neuer both  
 Seke the laude of God in all that ye doo  
 So shall vertue and honour come you too  
 But if you geue youre myndes to the sinne of pryde  
 Vanishe shall your vertue, your honour away wil slide  
 For pryde is hated of God aboue  
 And meekenesse sonest obtaineth his loue  
 To youre rulers and parentes, be you obediēte  
 Neuer transgressinge their lawefull commaundemente  
 Be ye merie and ioyfull at bozds and at bedde  
 Imagin no traitourie agaynst your prince and heade  
 Loue God and feare him and after him youre kinge  
 Whiche is as victorior as anye is lyvinge  
 Praye for his grace, with hartes that dothe not fayne  
 That longe he maye rule vs withoute greife or paine  
 Beseeche ye also that God maye saue his quene  
 Louely Ladie Jane, & the prince that he hath send them  
 To augment their ioy and the comons felicitie (betwen  
 Fare ye wel swete audiēce, god graunt you al prosperite  
 Amen.

Imprinted at London,  
 by John Tysdale and are to be solde  
 at hys shop in the vpper ende of  
 Lombard strete, in Alhallowes  
 churche yerde neare  
 vntoo grace  
 church.

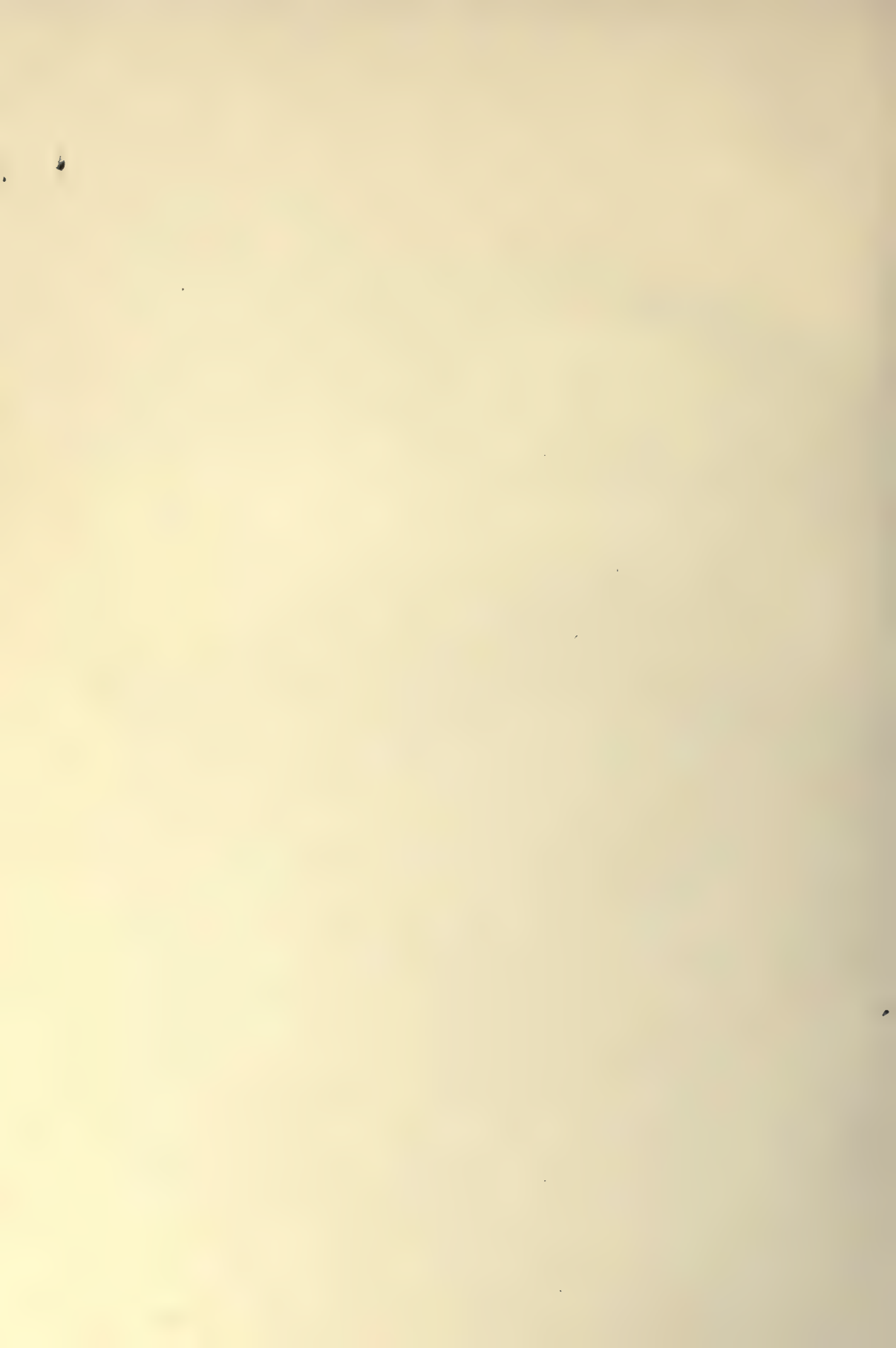














































































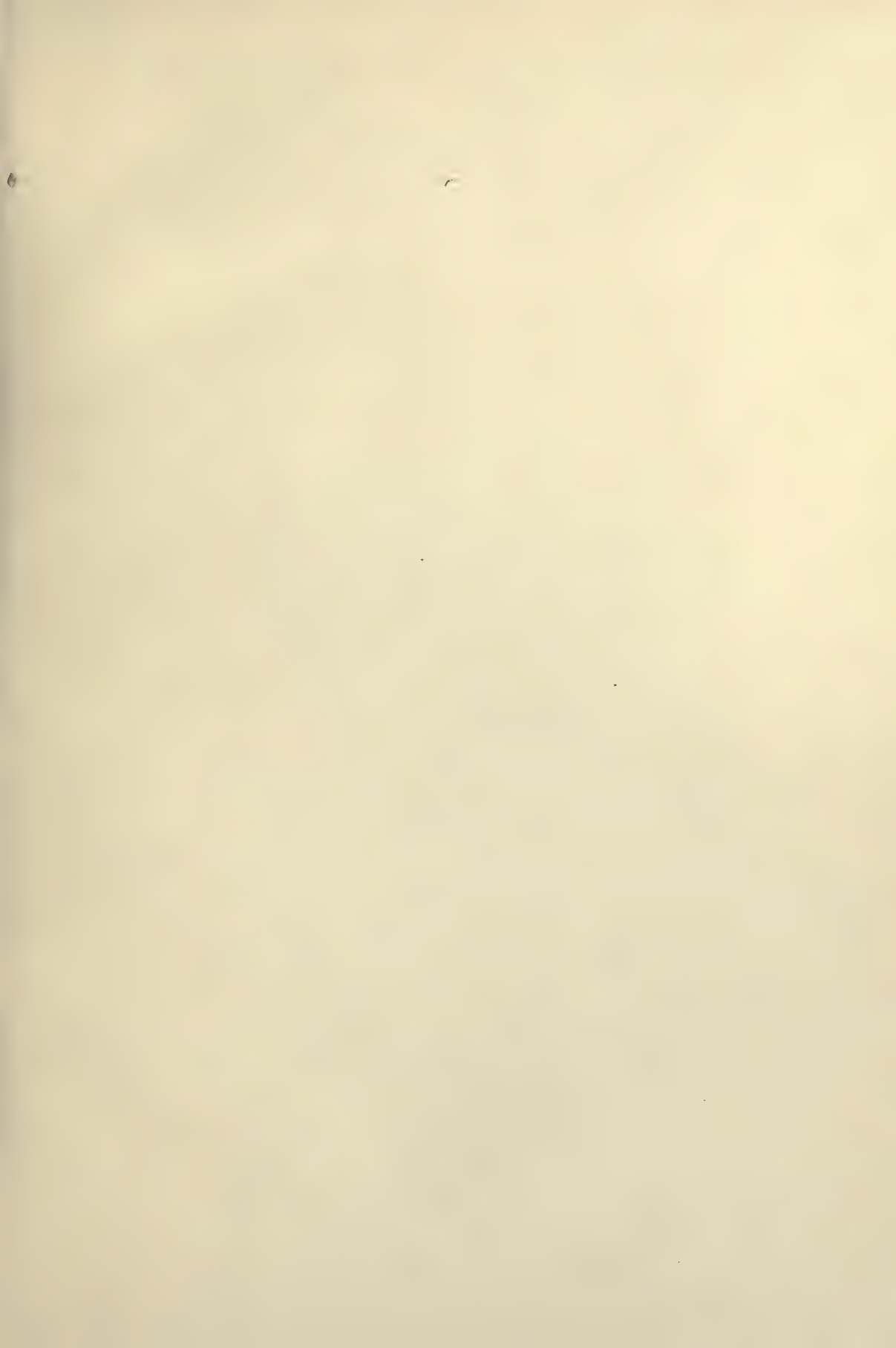




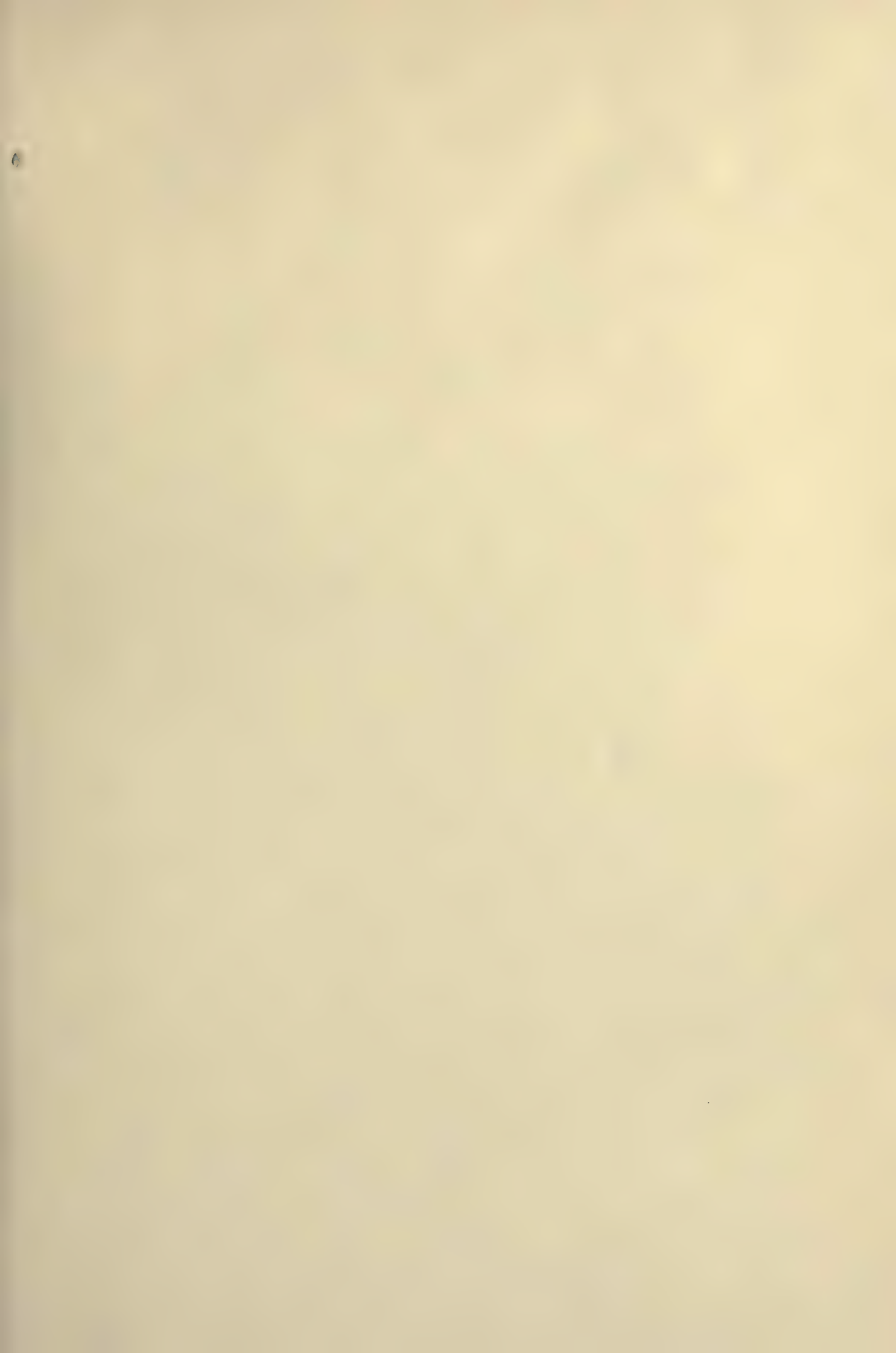




















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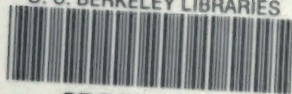
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